

GOTON

MARVEL®
24th Nov 90

THE REAL

NO128 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

and
SLIMER!

WHERE ARE
RAY AND WINSTON
WHEN YOU NEED
THEM?

ISSN 0954-9404



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47

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This is a time for celebration in the USA. It is also Peter and Slimer's favourite time of year as there is lots and lots of food around, because ... it is Thanksgiving! Winston and Ray are out looking for a suitably large offering for the Thanksgiving roast. Unfortunately, so are Horg and Zuul, and they've had to come into the mortal world to find what they are looking for, in a tale entitled **Ghost Roast!**

First up though, Egon gets himself into a bit of a fix when he gets turned to stone, in **Help! I'm A Rock!** There is a Gorgon on the loose, and let's hope she's not called Zola!

Meanwhile, Slimer is pretending to be a statue in the second part of the fantastic **Art For Slimer's Sake!** The ol' green spud also appears in his own hilarious comic strip, **Blimey! It's Slimer!**

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



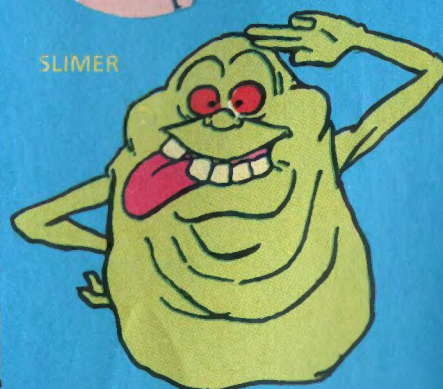
RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

ER, GUYS... I CAN'T TALK RIGHT NOW. I APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN TURNED TO STONE... ER... COULD YOU HELP?... GUYS...

HELP! I'M A ROCK!

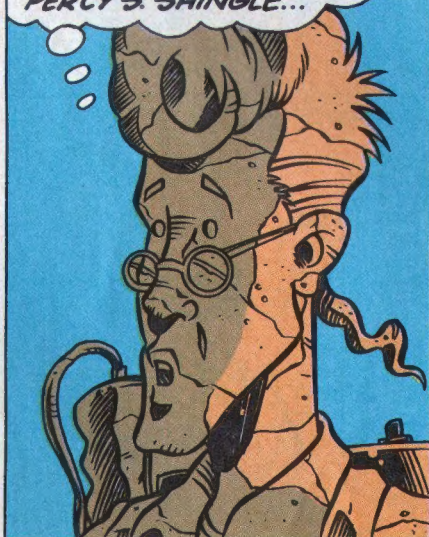
I THINK EGON'S BEEN TURNED TO STONE!

UH-OH...

THAT'S BAD, RIGHT?



HOW DID I GET INTO THIS MESS? IF ONLY I HADN'T GOT THAT LETTER FROM THAT NO-GOOD, LOW-DOWN PEBBLE BRAIN, PERCY S. SHINGLE...



THE PREVIOUS DAY...

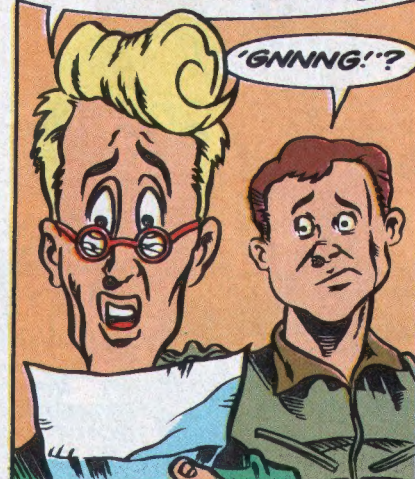
WELL, WELL, RAY! IT'S A LETTER FROM MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, PERCY S. SHINGLE. I AM PLEASED!

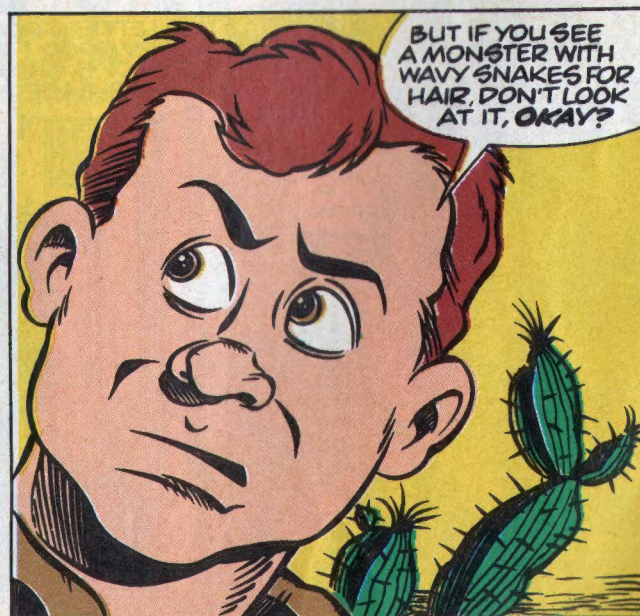
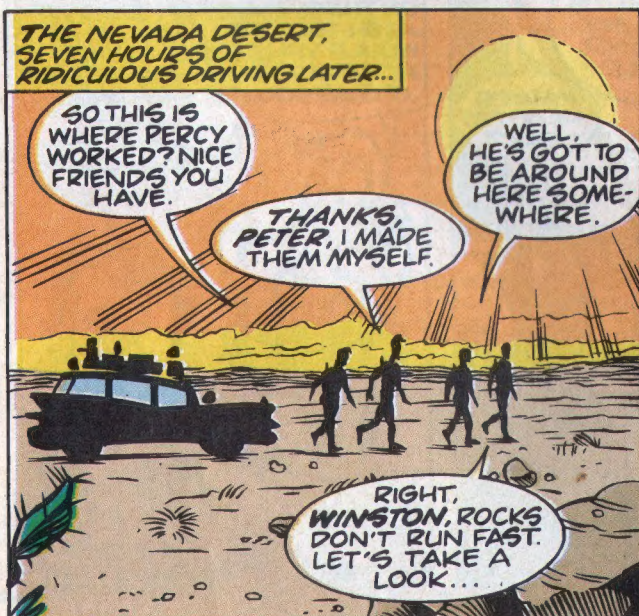
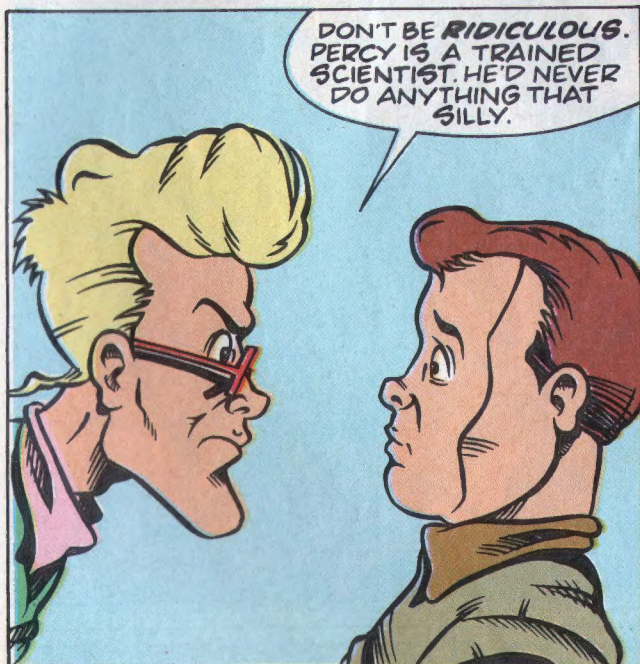
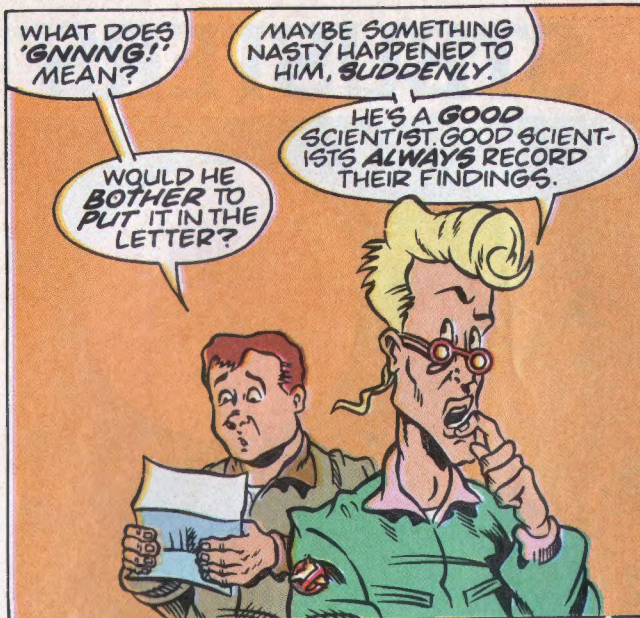
WHAT'S HE GOT TO SAY?

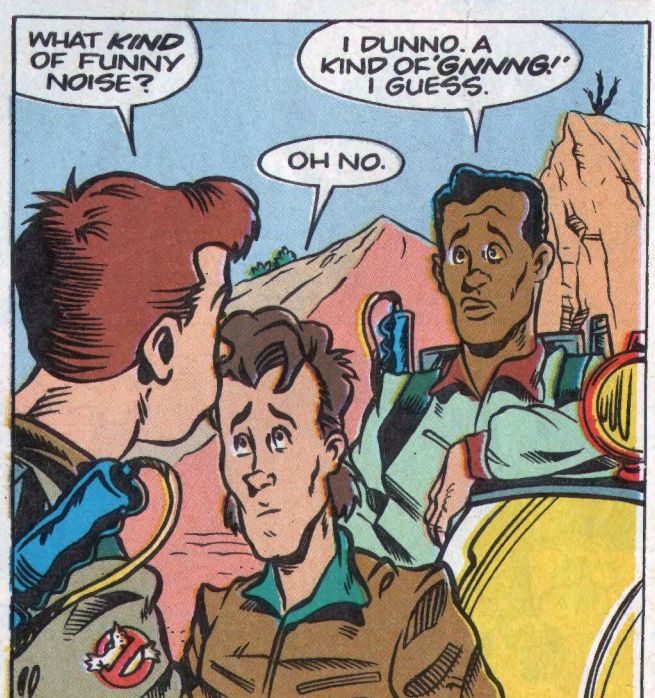
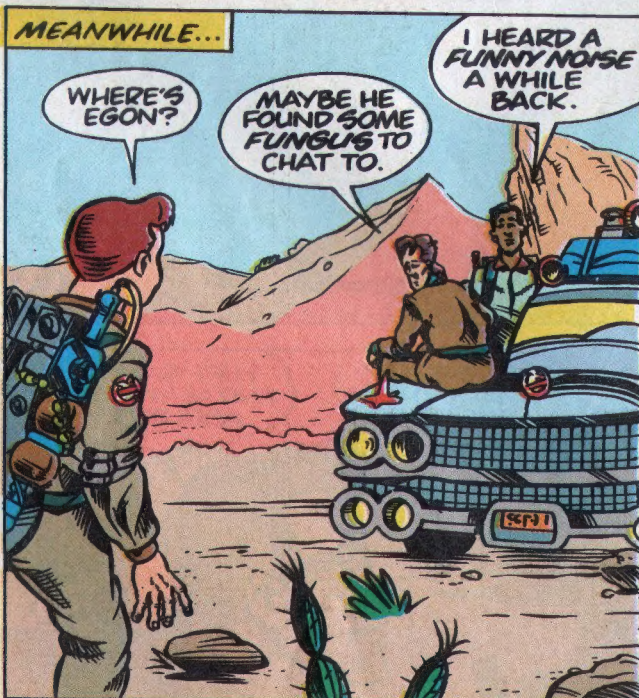
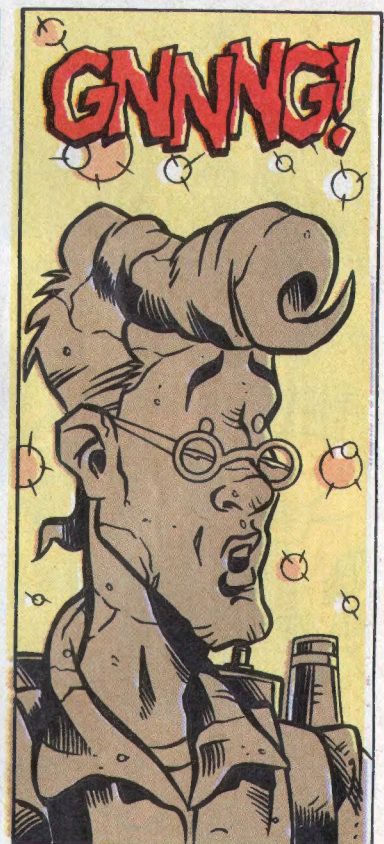
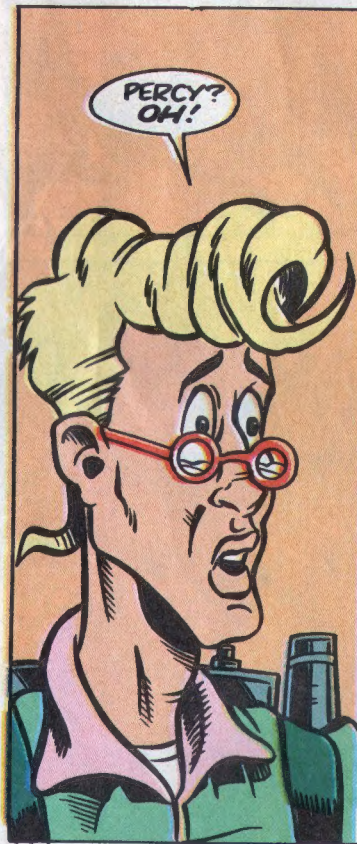


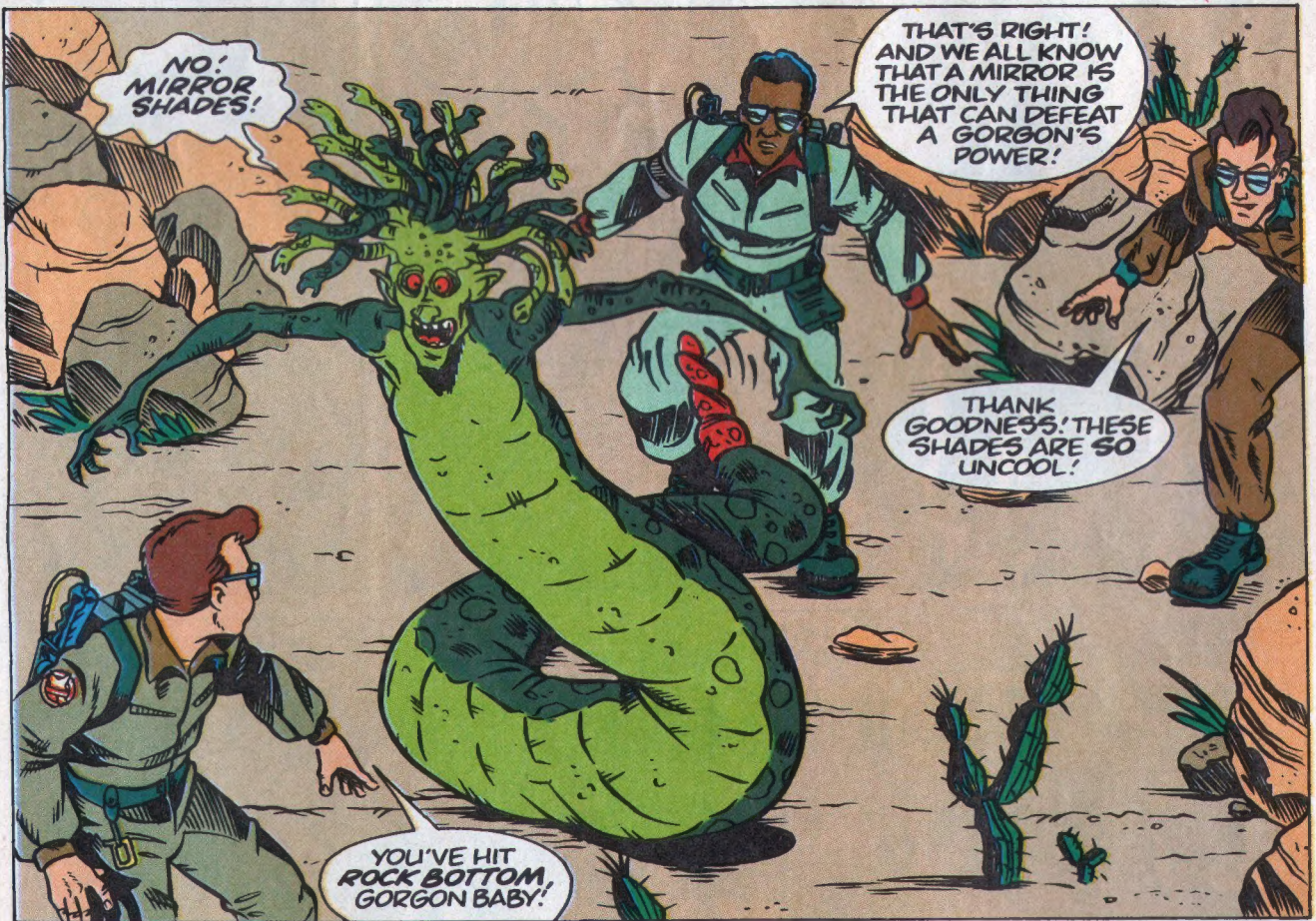
'DEAR EGON. I'VE BEEN WORKING IN THE NEVADA DESERT ON THOSE EARTH ELEMENTALS I TOLD YOU ABOUT AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, I'VE ACTUALLY FOUND A GORGON! IT'S ABSOLUTELY GNNING!'

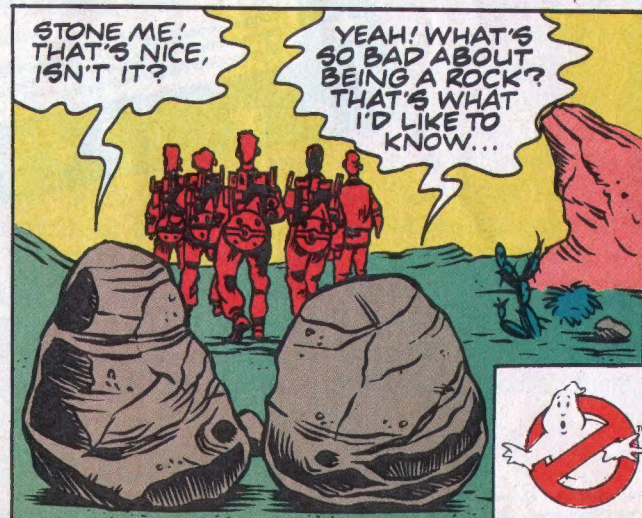
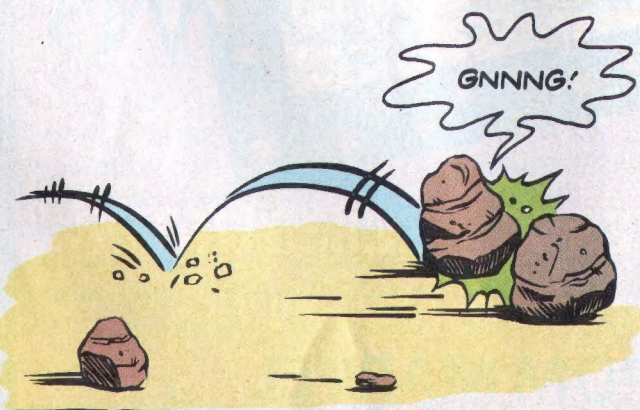
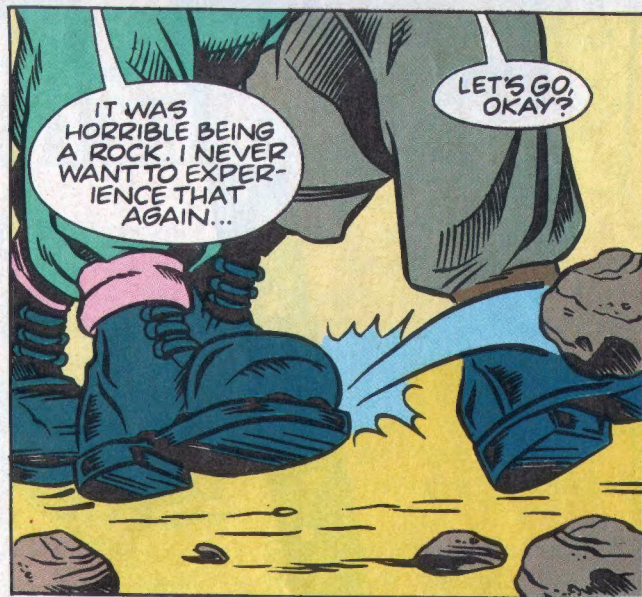
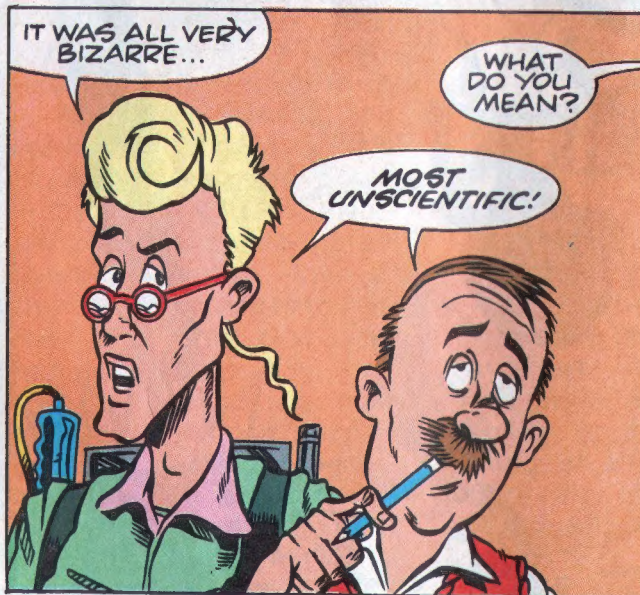
'GNNING!'



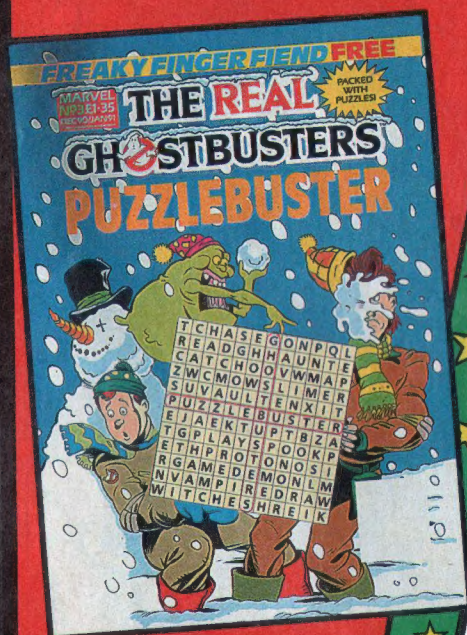








A BRAND NEW CHILLING ADVENTURE!



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE THREE ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Whichever way you look at it (though I heartily recommend looking at it in a reflection off some polished surface) Gorgons have had a pretty hard time of it over the years. Supernature has, by some cruel whim known only to itself, removed from the Gorgon the ability to choose the course of his, or her, life. There is no chance at all for one to wake up one morning and think 'You know, I think I'll be really nice to people from now on ... no more ransacking and terrorising. I'll be kind and generous and settle down and become a model member of the community'. It just wouldn't happen. Even if the Gorgon manages to fool itself for the first few minutes of the day, one cheery 'hello' to the milkman (consigning him to an eternity as a novelty bird table in the middle of the front lawn) is enough to bring the Gorgon down to earth with a bump.

Gorgons turn people to stone by looking at them. It's as simple as that. Nasty Gorgons do it and so do nice Gorgons. All Gorgons do it whether they really want to do it or not. It's miserable for them. They go to parties in an attempt to forget their problems, leap into the room with a cry of 'surprise!' and are met with a stony silence. They try and discuss their problems with a



PART 128

psychiatrist, and find themselves being stone-walled. Their apartments look like they were decorated by the architect of Stonehenge. The plight of Gorgons world-wide has become something of a public concern since the charity GAMMA (Gorgon And Medusan Monsters Awareness) started mailing out their newsletter, 'Between a Rock and a Hard Stare' to politicians, social workers, minority rights activists and, in an inspired promotional move, sculptors. GAMMA promoted understanding between humans and rehabilitated Gorgons who want to try and fit into a 'not-turning-everything-in-sight-to-basalt' kind of society. They seek to dispel deeply-held prejudices such

GUIDE

as the idea that even being in the same town as a Gorgon can cause you to seize up and collapse in a pile of granite chippings, or that Rodin, and even Michaelangelo, were closet Gorgons. They also run an extensive anti-erosion and rendering programme for Gorgon victims. GAMMA welcomes donations, however small. Twenty pounds will buy a specially-tailored bag that a Gorgon can slip over its head; thirty five pounds can provide a Gorgon with a loudspeaker for it to broadcast 'Close your eyes, I'm a Gorgon and I'm just around the corner' messages at regular intervals; forty pounds will help with the massive regular vets bills on a head full of snakes; and any other donations go towards research into a long-term cure for Gorganism.

GAMMA sent me some case studies of typical problem-subjects and I found them pretty moving, particularly the story of a young Gorgon called Zola. Her dream is to compete at international level as a middle distance sprinter, but does not, for fear of the awful consequences. One day, perhaps, if a cure is found, she will be able to realise her dream. Until then, the future of the Gorgon Zola is no laughing matter.



Story DAN ABNETT Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Winston and Ray are out to get the bird. But what on earth are Zuul and Horg looking for?

The kitchen was a nearly tropical place by the time Ray got in. Steam pumped from pots on the over-laden stove and there was a rich smell of freshly-made sage and onion stuffing. Janine emerged from behind a pillar of steam, wiping the condensation off her glasses. "Well?" she asked.

Ray, almost overcome by the heat of the kitchen, shrugged sadly, "I went to almost a dozen places and they were all out of turkeys. I'm sorry."

Janine sank into a chair, wilted by the heat and the disappointment. "A great thanksgiving this is going to be."

Ray felt that it was all his fault – he'd been so certain they'd be able to pick up a nice turkey for the dinner, even at the last minute. Now all the Ghostbusters would be let down. They'd have to make do with cheese spread on crackers with stuffing, like they had last year. His stomach whined like a moped on a steep hill.

Winston, whose spud-peeling activities had so far been hidden in a veil of thick steam, appeared from the swampy atmosphere and smiled. "Don't let it get you down, man," he said. "My cousin Clinton told me there were plenty of birds still on sale at the poultry market in Chinatown. It's a bit of a drive, but what say we go take a look?"

Janine watched the two busters make their way out to the car. "You come back without a big bird, and you can forget me answering phones for a long while to come," she warned. If they heard her, they didn't reply, but they quickened their pace a little.



The kitchen was a nearly infernal place by the time Horg got in. Sulphur pumped from cauldrons on the creaking spit and

there was a pungent smell of freshly-pressed slime and gremlin stuffing. Zuul emerged from behind a sheet of flame, wiping ectoplasm off her eyeballs. "Well?" she hissed.

Horg, almost ignited by the fury of the kitchen, shrugged cautiously. "I've been round the Fens of Absolute Ghastliness nearly a dozen time. There wasn't a griffin to be had."



Zuul transformed momentarily into a vicious eldritch form. "A great Thanksgiving this is going to be."

Horg felt it was all his fault, and was afraid he was going to pay for it. He'd been so certain he'd be able to hunt down a nice plump griffin for the knees-up, even with only a decade to go. Now all the Gozerians would be let down. And mighty angry. They'd have to make do with screamhaggards on toast and a hearty game of full-innings Numbly like last time. His multi-chambered stomachs howled like a Kolord in a blender.

Gozer, whose Yldammic flaying activities had so far been hidden by a particularly dense and offensive cloud of fall-out, appeared from the glistening atmosphere and growled. "Don't let her

get you damned, Hord," he gurgled, "My familiar, Skwook, told me there's Roc still at large in the humans' dimension. It's a bit of a fuss getting all that marshmallow together, but what say we take a look? And cause absolute mortal havoc at the same time?"

Zuul watched as the two Gozerians made their way out to the teleporting vault. "You come back without a big bird and you can forget me going anywhere as your harbinger of dread, fear and global termination for an eon or so to come," she warned. If they heard her, they didn't reply, but they ripped open the packets of marshmallow a little quicker than usual . . .



"What," asked Ray, "was that?" The *That* that Ray referred to was an enormous eagle the size of a football pitch that had swooped, squawked and yakked round the two Ghostbusters the moment they entered Chinatown in search of the turkey.

"A roc," replied Winston, huddling with Ray under the sushi stand, clutching the pale, limp turkey they had just bought, as if it were a winded bagpipe.

"Okay, then what's it doing here?" Ray added, finding that a sushi stand could easily cover either two men, or one man and a turkey but not all three at once.

"It was the thing that hatched out of the egg we found in the Hudson river a while ago and which built nests out of all the TV aerials in the State. It's in my Diary," Winston explained. But his words were rather drowned out by a monumental roar as the building next to them was demolished by a high velocity bus.

"Did you hit it?" screamed Gozer clumping around in his newly furnished body of Marshmallow.

"Nope. I'll try again," said Horg, reloading his massive blunderbuss, which, unsurprisingly, used busses as ammunition. "I'll get it in a moment."

There was another resounding bus-caused roar and a crash. Ray looked hopefully at Winston. "Is there anything we can do?" He asked.

Winston unshipped his Proton Gun and handed the turkey (which was itself feeling pretty nervous by now) to Ray. "What do you think?" he said.



Winston and Ray crept into the kitchen, a little worse for wear. Janine stood there tapping her foot. "Well?" she asked. "Did you get a big bird?"

Ray and Winston looked at each other for a moment but before either could answer, an eagle's head the size of a pool table poked in the door. "I hope there's enough crackers for me," it said.



Horg and Gozer slopped into the kitchen, a little sticky due to several tons of marshmallow. Zuul stood there tapping her talons. "Well?" she asked. "Did you get a big bird?"

Horg and Gozer looked at each other for a moment, but before either answered, Gozer plopped the turkey on the kitchen table. "Not exactly," he said.



GHOST GANGSTERS

It was St Verdi's Day, Chicago 1929, when the gangs of Spats Antonio and Tony Maloni fought it out for the first time in Julio's Bar. Sixty years passed, and Julio's became Antonio's, the ice cream parlour. Peter and Ray were doing a bit of recreational eating when Mr Antonio told them the ghastly, ghostly fact that every year on St Verdi's Day, the rival gangs appear in the parlour and shoot it out with one another . . . spook style. The ghosts were scaring away the customers and that wasn't helping Mr Antonio's business. Worse still, Spats was an ancestor of the shop owner, and he wasn't very

impressed that a descendant of his had become an ice cream seller!

Luckily, at eight o'clock sharp when the Ghost Gangsters appeared in the shop, The Real Ghostbusters were ready to deal out some of their own ectoplasmic prohibition.

Under threat from The Ghostbusters, the two rival gangs decided on a truce while they taught 'Bugsy' Venkman and 'Baby Face' Stantz a lesson. But The Real Ghostbusters were quicker on the draw, and they made the Ghost Gangsters an offer they couldn't refuse . . . an afterlife in the Containment Unit!

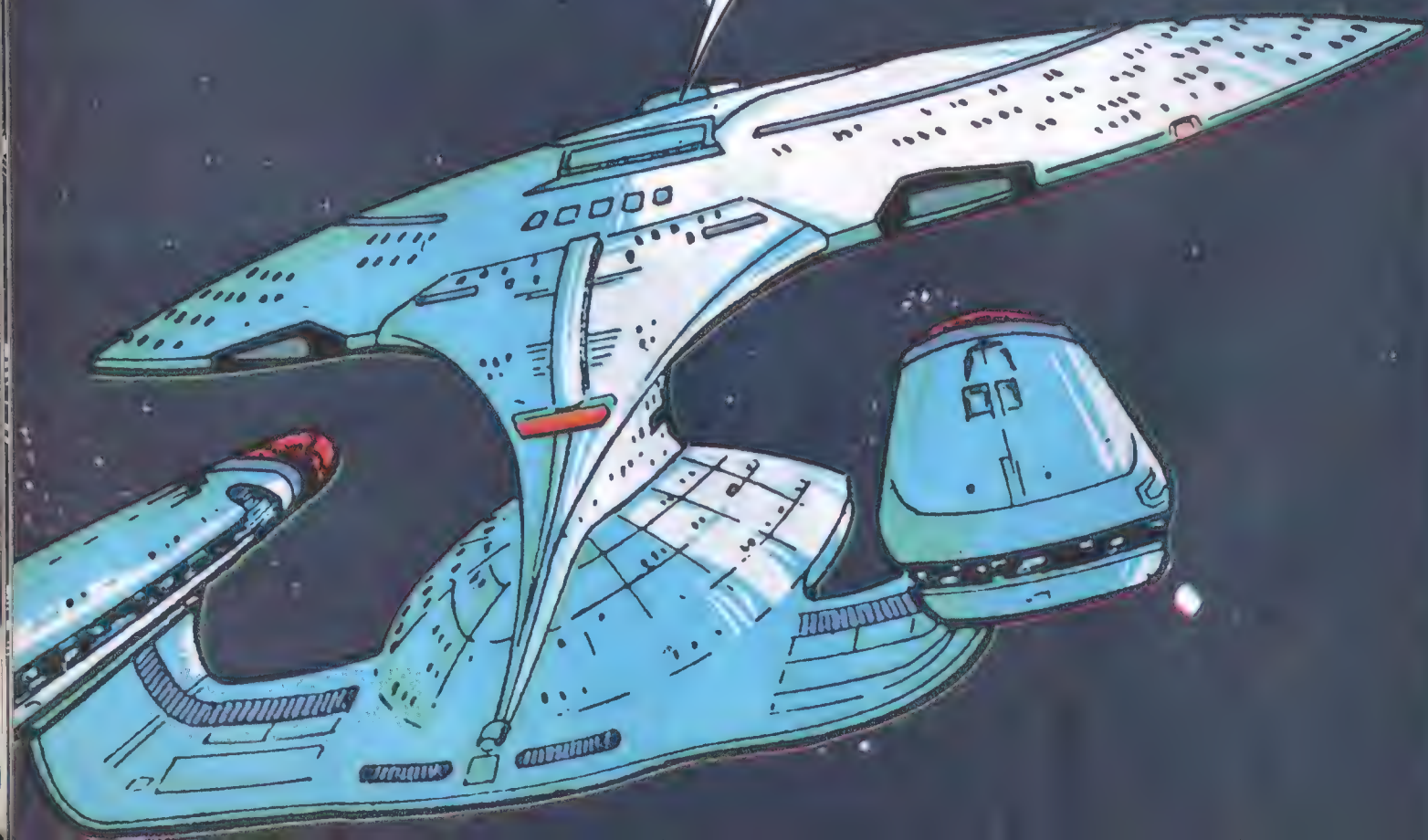


STAR TREN

THE NEXT GENERATION

OUT NOW-
FROM MARVEL!

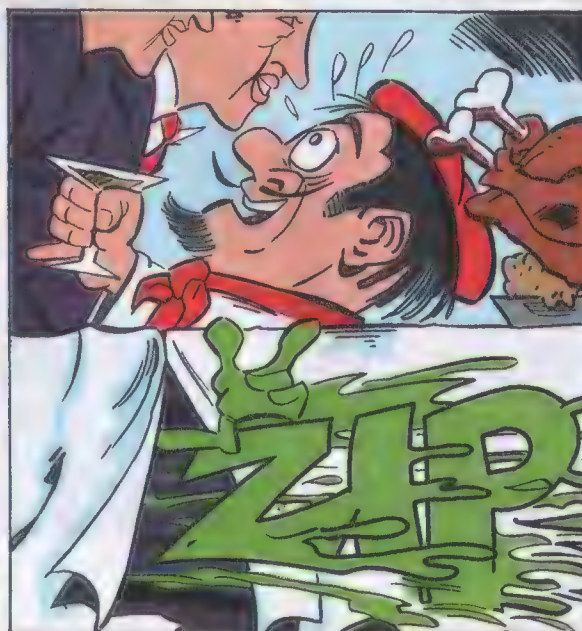
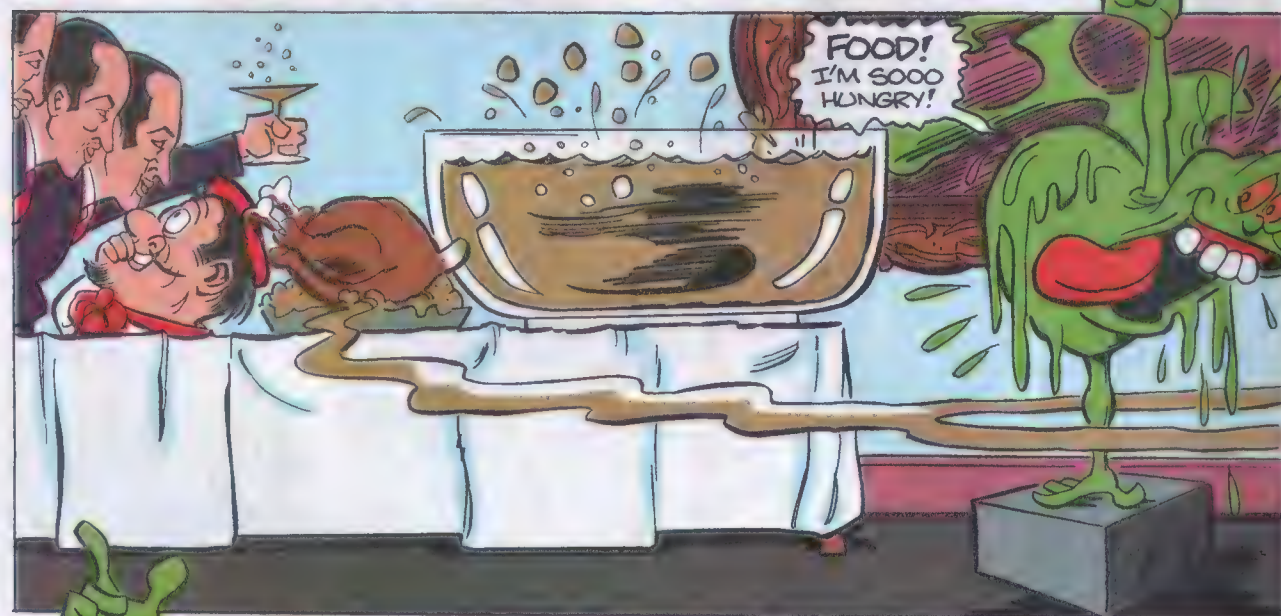
IT'S A
COMIC, CAPTAIN,
BUT NOT AS WE
KNOW IT!

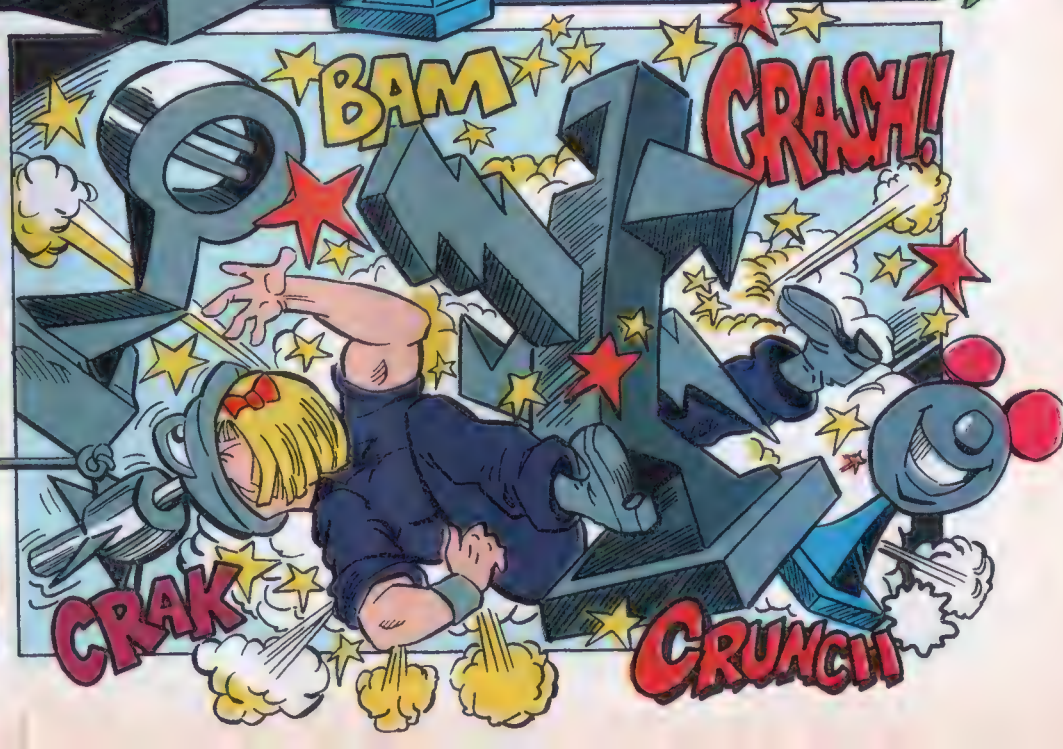
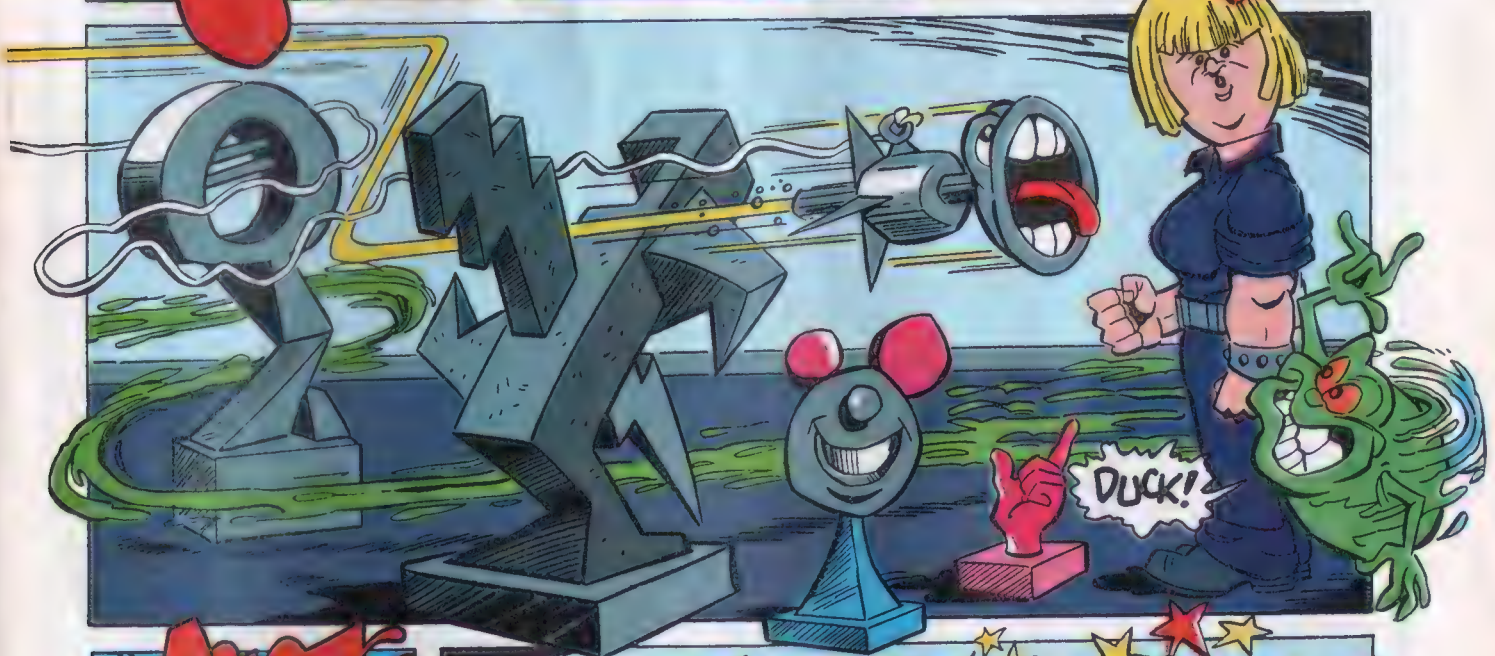


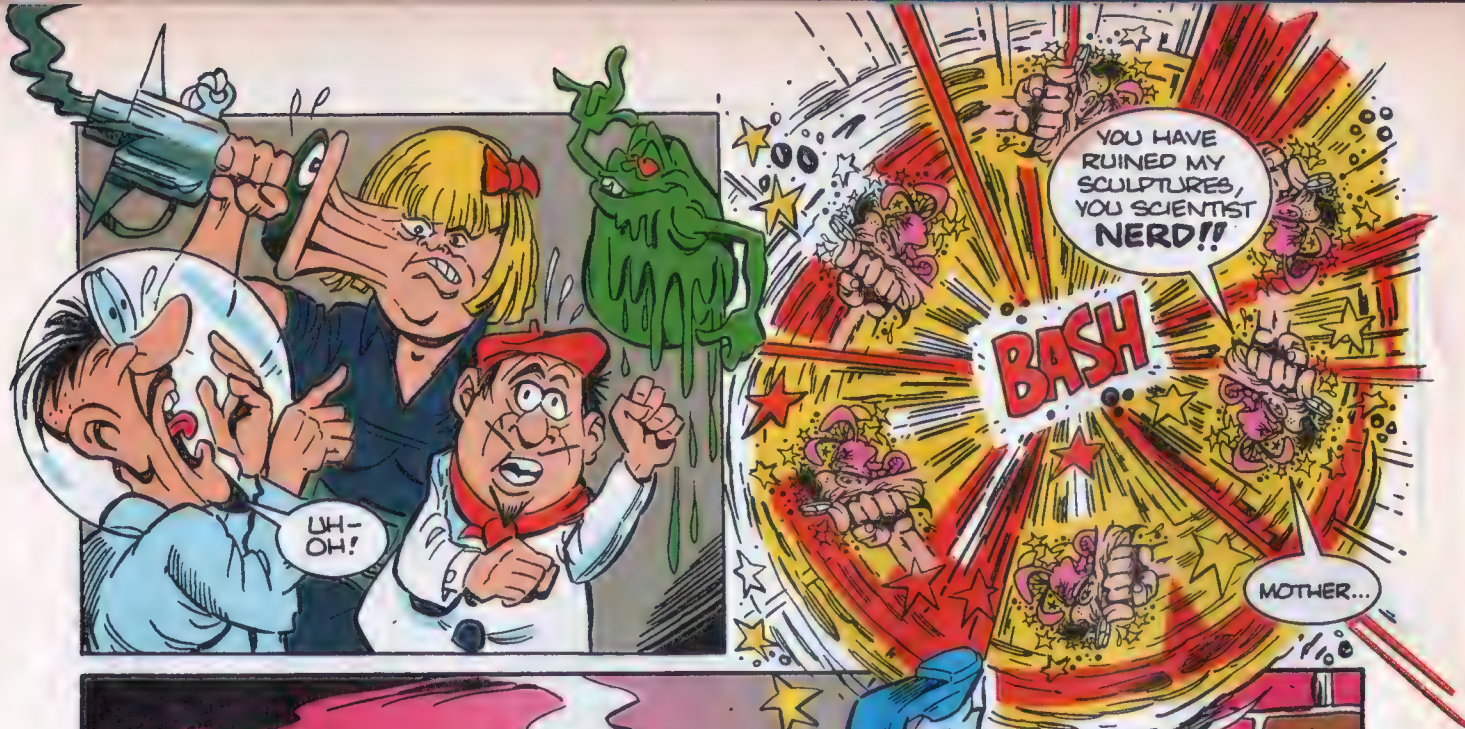
SLIMER!

Part Two: Professor Dweeb and Elizabeth have chased Slimer into an art exhibition, where Slimer becomes the star attraction...









DEAD TRUE!



he edge of the peaceful Wiltshire road, that stretches between Marlborough and Hungerford, is the site of a small memorial to a young man. The tiny stone cross marks the exact spot where fourteen year old Alfie Watts tragically died on the twelfth of May, 1879.

He worked for a carter in Axford, and he and his boss had been leading a team of horses when they suddenly bolted. The lad and the man struggled to stop the heavily-laden cart. But, as the cart trundled through a sheer-sided cutting, poor Alfie was thrown to the ground, and died of his severe injuries two hours later. A small memorial was erected there by the mourning villagers.

Memories dimmed as the years flew past. But, one day in October some seventy-seven years later, as Frederick Moss drove

his three friends home after a movie, the car headlights illuminated a tall, thin, clean shaven man standing in the middle of the road. He wore a long, brown coat and had his back to where the cross was almost covered by the grass.

The figure made no attempt to get out of the way as the car came towards him. Even when Moss blew his horn, the figure never even looked up. The car brakes were slammed on and it stopped just a few yards from the figure. But, as Moss got out of the car to investigate, the figure disappeared.

The area was searched with torches, but no sign of the man could be found. As the walls of the cutting rose steeply for nine feet on either side, it would have been impossible for anyone to have climbed up unseen.

When he got home Moss told his wife of his strange experience. He

described the figure in full, and his wife, being a native of the area, seemed to recognise what she heard. She had been born twenty years after the incident, but she could clearly remember the boy's father, Henry Pounds Watts, who had died in 1907. He was tall and thin, always wore a long, brown overcoat and was without moustache or whiskers, which was unusual for the time.

The road where Moss had seen the man was due for widening, which would have destroyed the little cross. Moss was convinced that the boy's father had returned to make sure that someone would remember the boy's modest memorial before the roadworks began.

Shortly after, the road was widened, and the cross was replaced nearby. The figure had achieved what he wanted – the tiny cross remained – and he was never seen again.



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London WC2



What do you call a frog with no eyes?

A gherkin!

– James Wither, Kent

Dracula's school report said that his reading was good, his writing was untidy, and in cricket he showed promised as a bat!

– Philip Moore, Luton

How do you mend broken bones?

With skelo-tape!

– Ian Parsons, Cardiff

Why do elephants hate penguins?

Because they can't get the silver paper off!

– Peter Crane, Banbury

What do you get if you lie under a cow?

A pat on the head!

– Master Blackburn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

What position does a ghost play in football?

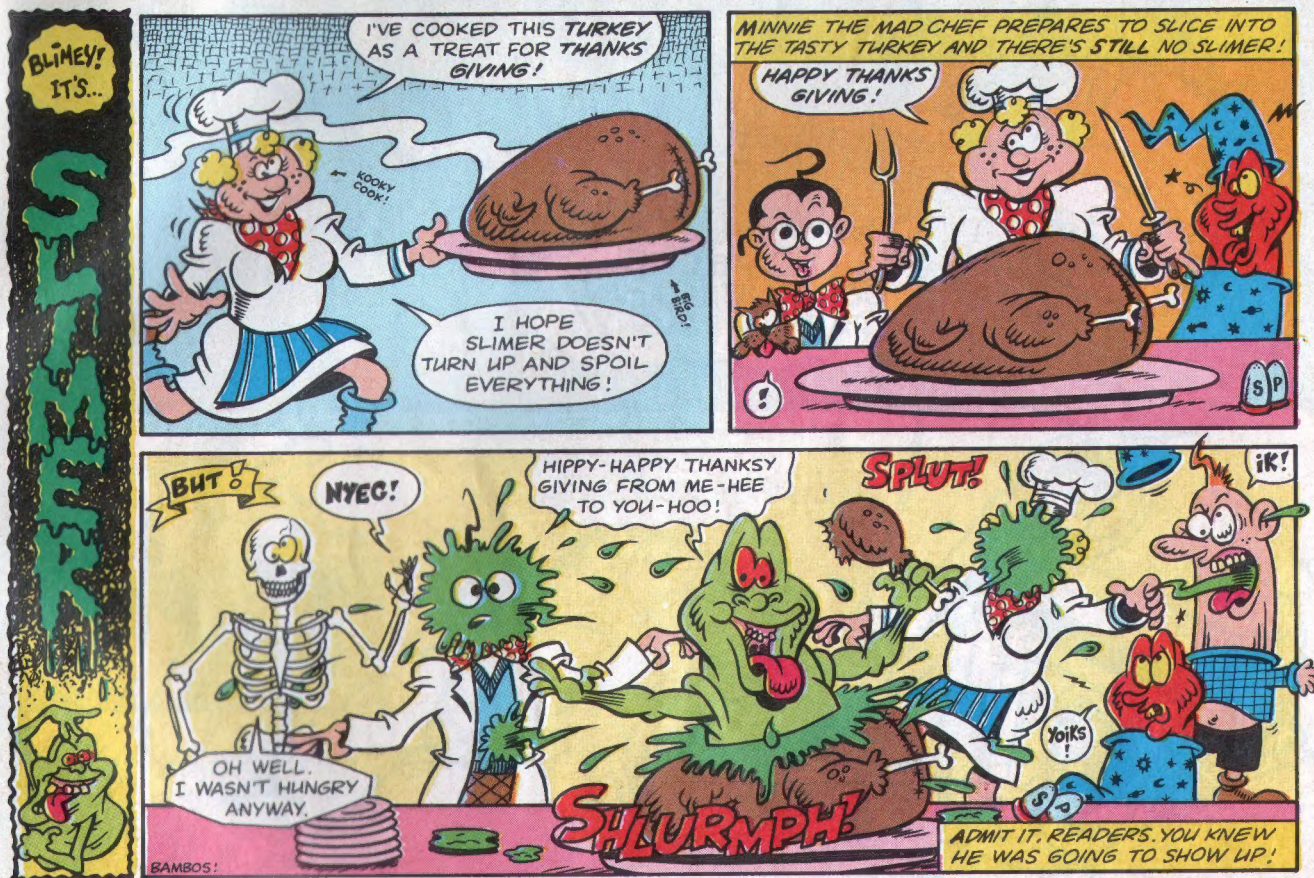
Ghoul keeper!

– Anthony Carlile, Grimsby

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SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



GH^oST WRITING!



Yep, you guessed it . . . it's Paranormal Post-bag time. Have you any ectoplasmic enquiries? If so, then write in to the experts. No, I meant here, silly!

Dear Peter. . .

What school did you go to?
– Paul Hemmings, Moredon

Gosh, it was such a long time ago that I can't even remember. It was probably something like the New York State High, or something!

I think that you are fab – but only if you answer my questions:

1. Can ECTO-1 go through red lights like ordinary ambulances?
2. I'm confused, I know what ECTO-1 is, and I know what ECTO-2 is as well, but what are all these other Ecto-vehicles that I keep hearing about?
3. How come that in 'Toad Island!', the gun was on the

wrong side of your pack. Have you all suddenly discovered that you are left-handed?

4. Why are the PKE Meters in **Ghostbusters**, the film, different to those in the comic? Is it a new, improved design by Egon?
– Eccles Pound, North Kent

1. Unfortunately we are not able to do such exciting things as that. True, it was an ambulance but once we had bought it, we had to pretend that it wasn't one any more, if you get my drift. Anyway, I have noticed Ray sitting in the driver's seat, making strange 'WHHEEEOOO WHHEEEOOO' noises before! 2. You're confused! Imagine how I feel! You go out of the room for five minutes, you come back and there's Egon and Ray grinning all over their faces, with a strange new ECTO-Whatever parked in front of them. Honestly, they must do it on purpose. Anyway, at the last count there was ECTO-1, the original Ecto-mobile, ECTO-2, the helicopter, ECTO-3, the Ghostbusters Go-Kart thingy, ECTO-4, the flying whatsit and ECTO-500, the racing car with the suction grabs on the front. Mind you, by the time you've finished reading this, Egon and Ray will probably be grinning from ear to ear again with an even newer vehicle for us to come to terms with! 3. The Proton Guns are always on the right hand sides of our Proton Packs, so that we can reach back with our right hands and

grab hold of the handles of the Guns! Honestly, as far as I have noticed we are not left-handed! 4. You've hit the nail on the head there. Egon is always improving the gadgets, updating them and generally making our job easier. What a nice guy that Egon is!

I have some questions for you:

1. Do you love Dana Barrett?
 2. Do you like Slimer?
 3. Do you like Pizza?
 4. Why is The Marshmallow Man so tall and fat?
- Francis McGowan, Glasgow

Dear, oh dear, Francis. Don't you know that it's rude to ask people personal questions like that? Nevertheless, I do actually like her a lot! 2. Yeeuchh! Certainly not! He's horrible, green and very, very slimy! 3. Mnn-mm! West Pier Pizza with an extra topping of chopped apple and chilli peppers. My absolute favourite in the whole world. 4. Because Gozer possessed him. It's quite simple, so Egon tells me, because the more powerful the demon that possesses him, the larger he will become. I guess that means that if a Class one Midget Monster was to take him over, he'd only be a couple of inches high. Or maybe it means that it could be a really huge but relatively peaceful demon, and still only be about an inch or so high. Oh, I don't know. I'm so confused! I'm so confused, I don't even know if I'm confused or not!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2



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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

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